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These are the Days



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Chapter 1 by Igessmann

The cold, bitter air snaps my senses back into the real world. I am standing in the middle of the street, staring off into lackluster space. Before another bike can run me over, I walk my bike to our conventional little Cube, and hoist it in the air by its rusting metal handlebars, carrying it over to the side of the cube where the ground is too muddy to play in, but a good spot to leave a bike. Walking back around the side, I place my palm on the door knob, and a cold, monotonous voice says, “Verified,” before letting me in with a click. Closing the door behind me, the dim light of the interior greets me, along with the scent of apple cinnamon spice, most likely from my mother’s candles, the ones she lights when she is the most stressed. The candles soothe me as well. Hearing voices coming from our SCrEeN, I step into the living room, and catch sight of my mother huddled in a blanket, a soft glow on her face from staring at the SCrEeN, its black edges reflecting the display. Her eyes are neutral, glinting from the SCrEeN, but her mouth is pressed into a tight thin line.

“Mom,” I say. I already know what she is watching, judging from her expression.

She acknowledges me with a nod, and pats the soft cushion next to her. I sit beside her, and we watch together. President Neiders stands at a podium, his glittering eyes staring into the camera. I shiver, feeling as if he were staring straight through me. For a moment, he continues

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"As you may know, there are many Amendments to our Constitution. There has been much debate going into this, as we are going through a difficult time, but I have decided that the best thing to do for the welfare of my country, is to do away with all the Amendments, as this may be the best choice."

A small cry escapes from my mother's o-shaped mouth. I sit frozen in shock.

"Starting tomorrow, we will activate a series of new rules, including regulatory, mandatory checks, as well as a list of things you may not say to be delivered to each Cube, as well as other laws. Failure to comply with these rules will result in punishment that may involve death."

The broadcast continues, zooming out of Neider's hard face slowly, almost painfully, to look at the crowd around the podium, suddenly moving about very restlessly. But I notice none of it, because the screen turns into a whirling blur, and a thousand words are smashing through my head, abruptly, and painfully, but the only words I can comprehend from this jumble are, he had said it was his country. There is nothing we can do to stop them.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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